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FUNERAL ORATION

ON THE

DEATH

Of the incomparable Princess

Queen ANNE K

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*In Imitation of those Famous French-  
Orators, BOSSUET, FLECHIER,  
BOURDALOUE, &c.*

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# Funeral-Oration

ON THE

DEATH of Queen ANNE.

PROV. Ch. xxxi. Verse 30.

*A Woman that feareth the Lord, she  
shall be praised.*



IN this lamentable Juncture, in this direful Ceremony, in the general Mourning of *England* for the Loss of the Greatest of Queens, of the best of Mothers; what Comfort can I afford to afflicted Subjects, to desolate Children, more solid, more effective, than that which *Solomon* gives us the Idea of in the Words of my Text. *Anna* is dead; that bright Star



is eclips'd; that glorious Princess has disappear'd: It is true: But her Name shall live for ever in Memory of Men; her Glory will never fade away; and we will eternally keep in our Hearts the deep Sentiments of her Goodness, of her great and incomparable Actions. But why is it so? Because she has fear'd the Lord.

Don't expect then, Fellow Christians, that I come here only to set off that long Series of Happineſſes, Victories, Triumphs, noble and transcendant Actions, that have adorn'd the glorious Life of *The Most High, Most Excellent, Most Potent Princess ANNA STUART, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c.* it would be a Subject unworthy of a Christian-Audience; this mournful Ceremony would little differ from a Shew, and I should do nothing, or little for her Glory, should not I go to the Origin of her Grandeur, should not I shew you, that *ANNA* has been the most Glorious, the most Renowned Princess that ever Heaven bestow'd upon Earth, only, because no Princess has ever had the Fear of the Lord more deeply imprinted in her Heart, than the Excellent Queen who is to Day the Object of our Admiration, and that of our Sighs, and of our Tears. Prepare then yourselves to hear the Actions of a Soul truly Christian, as well as those of an Heroine. *ANNA* has been great, has been the Terror of her



her Enemies, the Delight of her People, the Honour of the Throne, and the Glory of *England*. She has gain'd an immortal Reputation. Will you know the Reason of it? 'Tis because she has fear'd the Lord. The Fear of the Lord has been the Source of her Grandeur, and of her Glory. 'Tis the Argument of *Solomon*; and it will be the Subject of my Discourse, and that of our Comfort.

The Notions that the Scripture gives us in several Places, of the Fear of the Lord, Prov. viii. 13. includes an entire Alienation of whatever can displease our great God, an inviolable Application to do his Will, a Steadiness to walk in his Ways, that be Proof against all Temptations whatsoever; in a Word, Deut. v. 29. an exact and scrupulous Observance of all our Devoirs. A Man who lives in the Fear of the Lord, adores him with a profound Humility, conforms himself to all his Orders with an entire Submission. Does the Providence of God afflict him? He kisses the Hand by which he is struck. Does the same Providence encourage his Virtue by some signal Prosperity? He returns faithfully all the Honour and the Glory of his Successes to the Author of all good Things. When a Man fears God, he is faithful in his Promises, trusty to his Friends, just, generous to his Enemies, obedient to his Superiors, clement, mild, bountiful towards those who are in his Subjection; always

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always steady, always constant in the Paths of Virtue; he does well in all the Conditions of Life in which Providence places him, and he fulfils the Duties of it with a scrupulous Exactness. Don't you perceive in this Description the Picture of our godly and most incomparable Princess? Don't you make the Application of it to all the Circumstances of her Life? And has not every one of you made already in his Heart her Panegyrick?

Why am not I allow'd to be in the same Terms with you? And, indeed, what need that the Pulpits resound with the Piety, with the Virtue, with the Fear that *Anna* has had for the Lord? When Virtue meets in an obscure Person, it wants to be set off, to be shewn to the best Advantage; but when Virtue shines upon the Throne, it is, in a manner, like a great Thunder-clap that is heard in the whole Region of the Air. It is a copious Spring that overflows its Waters on all Sides: It is a Sun that enlightens the whole World. What shall I say then, that you are ignorant of? Or what can I say, which must not fall short of the Idea you already have of the Virtues of *Anna* the Great, of *Anna* the Godly? How different is my Perplexity from that of those Orators, who undertake a Task almost of the same Kind as this is? The Sterility of their Subject, obliges them to exhaust themselves in lofty Conceptions,

to

to set off the Meanness of their imaginary Heroes. Here the bare Narration of our Queen's Life is a compleat Encomium, is an excellent Paregyrick; but expect only some Passages of that precious Life, an exact Account of it could not be included in the short Limits of this Discourse.

Look upon her then, in her tender Youth, addicted to all the Devoirs of Piety, assiduous in all the Exercises of Religion. With what Fervour, with what Modesty did she attend the Divine Service! Her Piety, her Devotion did not consist in Grimaces, in Sighs, in outward Ejaculations, which are oftner directed to the Creature, than to the Creator. Immoveable, full of Respect, equally distant from Ostentation and Lukewarmness; her outward Appearance display'd the inward Sentiments she had of that Being, to whom she directed her Prayers, her Homage, and her Adorations. Was she ever seen, in the Time of her Devotions, to shew herself civil to the Creature, and to make of the Church of God, a Place of Pomp and Ceremony? But, above all, what was her Piety, when in her Days of Triumph? she went to that August Cathedral, surrounded with her Nobility, to acknowledge that God was the Conqueror, that his Hand had humbled the Enemy, and to implore new Blessings upon her Arms, and those of her



her Allies. Such pious Sentiments were the Effect of her Education.

Happily for us, happily for herself instructed, and brought up in the Faith of the Church of *England*; she had a Zeal for its Discipline, a Devotion for its Maxims, an Adhesion to its Doctrine, which nothing could shake. Call to your Mind those sorrowful Times, in which the Father of Lies had sown his Tares in the Field of our Kings; the Air of the Court was infected by erroneous Opinions, in which the emissaries of the Spiritual *Babylon* were busy to gain her Subjects, to debauch the Children of *Israel*, and to make them Slaves to Error and Superstition. How nice was that dangerous Juncture! But, O Power of Darkness, thy Endeavours will be vain and Fruitless! Neither the Authority of a Father, join'd to the Power of a King; neither Flatteries, nor Rebukes; neither Caresses, nor Threatnings, are able to make any Impression upon that strong, that steady Soul. Her Faith is built upon a Rock; she Sacrifices all Things to the Conservation of that precious Jewel; and altho' she had for her Father the most filial Obedience, the most tender Love; she chuses to be guided by Faith, rather than by Nature; and in the just Fear she had, that her Father should make use of his Power to abolish her Religion, and that of his People, which he had

had so often struck at, she falls into the Measures that the Nation thought fit to take at that Time, to secure our Liberties and our Religion.

Be not surpris'd, then, if with so much Religion, with so much Piety, she was vouchsafed the Blessing of Heaven in the Choice of a Husband; for, don't question it, a wise Husband, as well as a prudent *Prov. 9. 13.* Wife, is a Blessing from the Lord. How great was her Happiness, to have met with a wise, good, generous Prince; with a Prince, whom good Humour, Virtue, good Sense, Love, Constancy, and above all, Conformity of Manners, made so worthy of her; and indeed, what was the Felicity of those two illustrious Persons, which might be said to have been the happiest Couple in their Marriage, as well as the most eminent by their Rank and their Birth, in the three Kingdoms? Was ever seen a more perfect Union, a more obliging Carriage, an Evenness of Temper more constant? O Wicked! O perverse Age! Can thy false Notions hold against the Example given us by *George and Anna*? How long shall you look upon Matrimony as upon an intolerable Slavery? How long shall you ridicule that holy State which has made them happy, which has sanctified them, which gave them the Fore-taste of those endless and infinite Joys, with which God has rewarded their Union and their Virtue?

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Nothing has been able to alter that Union. When Heaven, likely to try those two Pious Persons, likely to punish us for our Sins, had snatch'd from the Earth that lovely Prince, upon whom we grounded then all our Hopes, had stol'n from his dear Parents, (if I am allow'd to say so) that charming Pledge of their Conjugal Love; was that Love lessen'd? As soon as she had the sovereign Power in her Hand, with what Tenderness, with what Affection does she recommend to her Parliament the Care to settle for the Prince, (her Spouse) in Case he should out live her, a Fund that might be answerable to the Greatness of his Birth, to the Honour he had to be the Husband of a powerful Queen? With what Rapture did she hear the Generosity of the House of Commons, that had granted to the Prince the Means to live according to his Rank. It was in this Manner that *Anna* fulfill'd the most essential Duty of her private Life: But it is Time to make her appear upon the Throne; it is Time that our bright Star should ascend upon the Horizon; it is Time to shew you, that when the Fear of God rules in a Heart, the Measure of his Elevation is the Measure of his good Works.

She was scarcely seated upon the Throne, but she gave to the World an illustrious Proof of her Justice and Equity. You know what were the Proceedings of that

Monarch,



Monarch, who was a little before King William's Death the Terror of Europe; and how just ought to have been our Sovereign's Indignation, when she saw, that notwithstanding all the Engagements which he had enter'd into by the Treaty of Ryswyck, to acknowledge the just Title of the King her Brother-in-law, and of his Successors, as they should be settled by Parliament, to the Crown of England; nevertheless, (forgive my Zeal, he was then our Enemy) he made an Idol to himself, with his own Hands; he dispos'd, at his Fancy, of the Imperial Crown of England; and he proclaim'd for King of Great Britain a Man, whose Birth was doubtful, whose Title was chimerical, and whose Person was attainted, by the whole Legislature, of High Treason. Who could have had Moderation enough to keep any Measures with a Prince, who kept none himself? But Anna the Magnanimous, Anna the Just, is incapable to do any Thing, which is not according to the strictest, the severest Rules of Equity. Being inform'd that many of the Enemy's Ships, richly laden, were in her Harbours; although the Rupture was manifest, although the Queen's Forces were already fighting with those of the Enemy, although his Proceeding had been so injurious; yet, because the Formality of an open Declaration of War was not practis'd, she orders, that all the Ships should be sent away, all the

Goods restor'd to their Owners. O! if the contrary Procedure, so often practis'd in our Days, could serve to set off so just, so disinterested an Action, what should not I have to say? But my Province is to entertain you with a more edifying Subject, and to shew you with what Exactness *Anna* has fulfill'd all her Devoirs.

The most essential to a Prince, is, without Contradiction, to suppress all publick Disorders and Scandals. God expects that they make Use of the Power he has lodg'd in their Hands, to root out Vice and Debauchery; he makes them answerable for the Prophanation of his Name, for the Injuries that are openly made to Honesty and Vertue, for whatever offends Decency and Order. It is not enough that they be good and virtuous, if they don't make their Endeavours to render good and virtuous the Subjects God has submitted under their Power. *Jebosaphat* was a religious Prince; but his Negligence to destroy the High Places made Use of for Sacrifices to God Almighty, against his awful Commands, is severely censur'd. *Anna* was very sensible of that Truth; and indeed she was careful to reform the Vices, that had got so much Credit in the World by the Corruption of the Age. You see I go about to speak of those useful Proclamations she issu'd out to encourage Virtue and Piety, and to punish Vice, Prophaneness and Immorality; and particularly

particularly, of those profitable Regulations, to purge the Stage of whatsoever dishonour'd Virtue, Modesty, and the Name of God. What was the Face of the *English* Stage before so necessary a Reformation? Vice, Impiety, and Debauchery, triumph'd in those Diversions, originally instituted to ridicule Vice, to celebrate the Praises of the Gods, and to reform the Manners of Men. The Actor made his whole Business to enflame the most brutish, the most gross Passions, and the Auditor applauded nothing but what irritated his Desires. Chast and modest Persons absented themselves from those Assemblies, or they suffer'd cruelly in them, and came from them less virtuous than they went. Modesty was banish'd, no Decorum was kept, and even Impudence was forc'd to blush. The Name of God itself was not spar'd, and the holiest Truths of our Religion were sillily and prophanely ridicul'd. You, who frequent those Places destinated for Pleasure, where the World appears with all its Poms, you know what wholesom Alteration our Queen's Rules have produc'd; and you are not ignorant, that since the Reformation, the Stage is not only innocent, but even may be profitable; and that it is become a School, where one may polish his Manners, form his Judgment, enlighten his Mind, and (shall I venture to say it?) reform his Vices. Thanks be given for it,



it, to the Piety of *Anna*, who made of her People's Happiness, her only Care, her only Study. Here a vast Subject offers itself to my Mind; and when I recollect the Tenderness she had for her People, and all the Proofs she gave of it, I am afraid I shall not be able to put an End to this Discourse. Let us be satisfy'd to produce some of the most signal.

Remember these so tender, so pathetick, so moving Declarations, wherein she assures her beloved Subjects, that their Quiet, their Happiness, their Prosperity, is her only concern; that her Heart is entirely *English*, that is, that all its Desires, all its Motions, are for the Glory and the Welfare of the Nation. She condoles with them in the little Disappointments that happen to her People. She is transported when the Success answers to her Wishes, and to her prudent Management of Affairs. Does the least Dis-union appear in her Parliament? She is a Mother, who sees the Discord in her Family, who makes tender Complaints of it to her Children. Does the Union return? She congratulates them for it; she mixes her Joy with theirs; she encourages them to continue in a good Understanding. But *ANNA* did not shew only by Words her Tenderness for her People. Sensibly touch'd to see her Subjects over-burden'd with Subsidies and Taxes, which the Necessities of the State, the Expences of the War,

War, indispensably requir'd. She declares that she can't live in Opulency, whilst her Subjects are in Want; that she will retrench her own Expence to ease the Publick, and she orders that an hundred thousand Pounds should be taken upon her Revenue, to be employ'd in the Service of the Nation.

*In Her Speech to both Houses March 30, 1702.*

Another time she commands that her Share of the Prizes made upon the Enemy, should be entirely apply'd for the Ease of her People, and for the Publick Service. It would be too long to produce all the Marks of her Bounty and Generosity in the like Occurrences. What Parts of her Dominions has not had Proofs of her tender Care? Scotland, Ireland, America, have felt the kind Influences of that favourable Star. What Christian Assembly in her Kingdoms did not acknowledge her for the Protector of their Rights? The Conformist, and the Non-Conformist are equally her Subjects, and consequently shall have all the Protection granted them by the Laws; only she declares, that she wishes all her Subjects were, upon Account of Religion, as she is herself; that she will tolerate the Dissenters; but that she can't but shew her Favour to those who are in her Sentiments, and who conform themselves to the Laws of the Church, as all her Subjects do to the Laws of the State.

*In Her Speech, the 27th of February, 1703.*

What Calling, what Condition of Men did did not receive Marks of her Generosity? The Foreigner, as well as he born in her

Domi-

Judges 5.  
ver. 7.

Dominions: The poor and the rich; the Merchant, the Clergyman, and the Soldier; all have acknowledg'd, that like another *Deborah*, she arose a Mother in *Israel*. But can I pass over in Silence the unexampled Bounty of our good Queen towards those Clergymen, who could not live in the Decency of their Profession. I know that the Opulency of the Ministers of the *Romish* Church has been the Cause of innumerable Disorders; that Luxury, Debauchery, Ignorance, the Contempt of sacred Functions, and the Love of the World have been, if not necessary, at least, almost unavoidable Consequences of the Riches that have been heap'd up in the last Ages upon that Church; and I am entirely in the Opinion of that Great Man who said, That the overgrown Prosperity of the Clergymen is the Ruin of the Church. *Rome!* O proud! O stately! O misled *Rome!* Thou art a fatal Proof of what I say. But you must confess that nothing is so scandalous, so shameful to Religion, as the Wants of those who are the Ministers of it. How is it possible then they should exercise their Functions, that they should keep up the Dignity of their Character, if they want things necessary to Life, if they are expos'd to Contempt, which is a necessary Consequence of Poverty. From hence it is that God, in the *Old Testament*, takes so special, so tender a Care of the Ministers of the Law,



Law. From hence it is, that Saint Paul declares in the *New*, That they which wait at the Altar, are Partakers with the Altar. Those were the Motives which oblig'd our godly Princess to remit the Arrears of the Tenth to the poor Clergy, and to declare she would make a Grant of her whole Revenue, arising out of her First Fruits and Tenth, as far as it was now, or should become free from Incumbrances, to be apply'd to the Augmentation of their Maintainance. What Satisfaction was it for the tender Heart of *Anna* to see so many Ministers of the Lord subsist by her Liberalities? But how could she enjoy any entire Satisfaction, as long as her Subjects were groaning under the Burthen of a long, bloody, and expensive War? Alas! Tho' it was so glorious to our Nation, what did it not cost us? How much Blood shed? How many Treasures spent? How many Families ruin'd or desolated by the Death of a Father, of a Husband, of a Son? How many Sacriledges committed? How many sacred Things violated or prophan'd? The Tenderness, the Piety of our good Queen, was not Proof against those Groans, those Desolations, those Crimes.

Don't expect, that, as an indiscreet Politician, I go about determining here, whether Peace was preferable to War; or undertaking to examine, whether the Peace has been so glorious to *England* as the War had been.

Her Message to the House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1701.

been ; whether these Kingdoms have gain'd by it all the Advantages they ought naturally to expect ; whether the Trade is more flourishing ; whether our Religion and our Liberties are more secur'd ; in a Word, whether we have taken all the Precautions we ought to take against the Prince we have so long look'd upon as our greatest Enemy. No, Politicks is not within my Sphere ; but every Body will allow me to say, that the Love *Anna* had for her People, oblig'd her to put an End to that War, which she had kept eleven or twelve Years with so much Success and Glory. Such have been the Sentiments of *Anna*, during her Life ; such have been the Sentiments of *Anna*, at the Moment of her Death, which have been her last Sentiments, which have been her last Words ? Insensible to all the Pains she endures, to the Operation of the most violent Remedies ; insensible to the Loss of a happy and triumphant Life, to the Loss of one of the most august Crowns in the Universe, she is entirely occupy'd with the Destiny of her People after her Death. Hear *English*-men, and ingrave deeply these Words in your Hearts : *I am going, and my hearty Prayers, says she, shedding Tears, are for this poor Nation.* O Soul truly tender ! O good Mother ! O good Queen ! Your Prayers have been granted by the Almighty. The Nation, that has been the only Object of your

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Tenderness, of your Love, is now united in the same Sentiments under your worthy Successor. All with one Heart, one Soul, as if they were one Man, have conspir'd to approve of the Choice you have made of that great Prince. Let not your Fears disturb the Quiet of your good and great Soul; and since it is our fatal Destiny to lose you, die in Tranquility. The Fear you have had for the Lord, your Piety, your Virtue, have secur'd you the Possession of a happier Life, of a Throne where you'll sit for ever; and the Blessing that Heaven has pour'd upon your Piety, is a Pledge of an immortal Glory, and has made you the most famous and most renown'd Princess in the Universe; and indeed it was just: For *the Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be prais'd.*

In the private Conditions of Life, Happiness in this World is not always the Reward of Piety. It falls out very often, that God chastises those he loves; and that Vice triumphs, whilst Virtue is in Abjection and Want; but it seems, that the Providence of God deals with the Kings in a different Manner. The Virtue, the Godliness of a King, is commonly the Cause of his Happiness and Glory, as well as that of the People over whom he reigns. In that long Series of Kings of Judah, the wicked, the sacrilegious Prince, was always expos'd to the Insults of his Neighbours;



bours; the Tributary, to idolatrous Kings; and throw'd the Nation into innumerable Misfortunes and Calamities. And contrary-wise, the just *David*, the wise *Solomon*, as long as he continu'd in his Wisdom, the religious *Hezekiah*, the pious *Josiah*, saw all their Designs prosper, subdu'd their Enemies, reign'd in Glory and Prosperity, and made *Hierusalem* and *Judab* triumphant. Nevertheless, as God is ty'd by no Rules, he breaks sometimes through these Laws; and some impious Princes, who have been in the Hand of the Lord as a Rod to punish, to oppress, to destroy, have prosper'd for a Time; but it always happen'd, that God, after having chastis'd his Children, has thrown the Rod into the Fire. Of another Side, we have seen wise and religious Princes fall under the Malice of their Enemies. But it is enough, that it is not the usual Method of Providence to do so; and that the Scripture declares, that the King who executes Judgment and Justice in the Earth, shall prosper. It is not then an human Work I am about, when I undertake the Narration of the incomparable Actions of *Anna*, and of her Reign; and although Miracles do not appear in this Place so manifestly, as in the Time of the Kings of *Judab*, let us not be at a stand to say, that it is the Lord's Doing; Wherefore don't expect that as a prophane Historian, I be satisfy'd to unfold the Secrets of the

the Cabinet, to recount the Order of Battles, the Success of Victories. I must raise myself above Man, and I must go into the Strength of the Lord, since the Things I have to tell you of, are so much above the ordinary Course of humane Things.

In Effect; notwithstanding the Greatness of our Queen's Wisdom; the Justness and Depth of her Councils; the Conduct, the Intrepidity of her Generals; the Bravery, the Valour of her Soldiers; let us confess it, if *Anna's* Piety had not influenc'd all her Designs, if the Hand of God had not over-rul'd, in a particular Manner all her Undertakings, could we have expected so constant, so famous, so memorable Successes? Look then upon the Glory, the Reputation, the Grandeur of *Anna*, as upon the Work of her Piety, of the Fear she has had for the Lord. Recall to your Mind the State of Affairs at King *William's* Death: Two powerful Crowns united in one Family, which being separated, had been, by Turns, the Terror of *Europe*, ready to swallow up all their Neighbours, and at the Eve to give Laws to the whole Continent. Recollect the just Alarm in which all the Princes were, how they endeavour'd to unite, to rally all their Forces, that they might oppose themselves to that Torrent which threaten'd the World with an universal Inundation. In that fatal Juncture, the Hero who had so often stopp'd

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stopp'd the Impetuosity of that Storm, who had so often curb'd the Ambition of the Enemy, dies, and leaves the Crown, that has always been the Support of the weakest Party, the Balance of *Europe*, in the Hands of a Woman. It was then that the Adversary thought to Triumph, thought to have already divided the Spoils: But, O Prince! who was pleas'd in your Thoughts, have you forgot that the World has seen the *Deborahs* and the *Judiths*? Have you forgot that *England*, fruitful in Heroines, as well as in Heroes, has more than one *Elisabeth*? And truly, she is no sooner install'd upon the Throne, but the Face of Affairs began to smile; the Alliance consolidates itself, increases, gets new Strength, takes a new Courage; the strongest Places yield to the unexampled Bravery of her Soldiers; her Ships rout the Fleets of her Enemies, ruin their Trade, and make them suffer inestimable Losses: But all these were only the first Touches of the immortal Actions, which make the Reign of *Anna* the most glorious of all Reigns. I am forc'd to pass over in Silence a Thousand illustrious Acts, one of which would have appear'd great enough to flattering Courtiers to give their Prince the pompous Titles of Great, of Invincible. I hasten to speak of that happy, wonderful, (shall I venture to say it?) miraculous Deliverance of the Empire. You'll agree with me, you, who know



know in what Condition *Germany* was ; a Prince, an Enemy in its Centre, with two powerful Armies ; the Country open'd on all Sides to receive new Succours, its strongest Places subdu'd, its fruitful and flourishing Provinces desolated, the Treasure quite spent, the Courages dispirited. What was required less, to save that noble Empire, than the Succours which our wise Queen sent so opportunely ? Thou, Hero, before whom Fright and Terror did always go, who alone hast found out the Secret to enslave Fortune and Victory, before whom the Enemy has always disappear'd, as the Dust before a Storm of Wind, hasten your March, hasten to execute the Orders of your Sovereign. He marches, what do I say ? He flies, he arrives, he joins the Confederates, he gains a glorious Victory, without any other Help than that of his own Conduct, and Intrepidity, and that of his brave Englishmen, who all combat in a Manner worthy of their Name, worthy of the Queen, under whose Auspices they fight. But, O great ! O illustrious General of the greatest, of the most illustrious Queen ! redouble your Strokes, that *Hydra* has more than one Head. Here why am not I act-ed by that heroick Heat which moves the Orator as well as the Soldier ? And why cannot I recount an Event with the same Greatness in which it was transacted. *Hochstet* ! the Grave of the Enemy's, and Eter-nal

nal Monument of *Anna's* Glory ! What didst thou see in that Day, memorable to all Ages ? Tell us of the divine Rage of *Marlborough*, the incomparable Bravery of his Soldiers. Tell us who first broke thro' the Squadrons of the Enemy ? Who first threw the Horse and the Rider into the Sea ? Who first dash'd in Peices the Enemy ? Who first divided the Spoils ? And thou, O Sun, which in ancient Times didst stop thy Course, to be a Witness of the Defeat of the *Amorites* ; and which, this Time, stood long enough upon the Horizon, to see the entire Rout of *Anna's* Enemies ; tell us the Number of the Dead, of the Wounded, of the Drown'd, of the Run-aways, of the Prisoners, or rather tell us the Number of their Armies ; for none or few of them escap'd one of those Fates ; but let us learn it by the Success of the Victory. The Enemy evacuates the Empire, he repasses the River which makes the Division of it. The Prince, his Ally, is dispossest'd of all his Dominions. *Germany* recovers her Liberty. The House of *Austria* outlives, if I can speak so, the last Moment of her Destiny. *Marlborough* and his Englishmen return loaded with Trophies, Glory, and Triumphs ; and *Anna* is solemnly, and authentickly acknowledg'd for the Deliverer of the noblest and most ancient Empire in the World. But, O great Queen, it is not enough for your Glory, (though

though it should be enough for that of any body else, to have freed *Germany*. A neighbouring Country requires your Assistance. Could she refuse it? She who was so faithful in performing her Promises, so zealous for the Security of her Allies, and who had declar'd that the Interest of her Dominions, and of those of *Holland* were inseparable; could she, I say, see that Rampart of *England* ready to fall into the Hands of the Enemy, and not succour it? She did it; and he who had been the glorious Instrument of the Deliverance of *Germany*, was again that of the Deliverance of *Holland* and *Flanders*. The Battle of *Ramellies*, without Doubt, presents itself to your Mind. You know all the Circumstances of it. *Marlborough*, the invincible *Marlborough* maintain'd and increas'd in it his Reputation; maintain'd and increas'd in it the Glory of the Queen. Notwithstanding the Superiority in Number, and the Choice of the Enemy's Forces, the Fight is no sooner begun, but he is put in Confusion; the Name of *Anna*, the Name of *Marlborough*, pronounc'd by the Soldiers, puts them to Flight. 'Tis no more a Combat, 'tis a Rout; and they cannot keep their Ground against the Genius of the General, and of the Sovereign. But what was the Fruit of a Victory which cost us so little? The Enemy run away without being pursu'd. He is arriv'd upon the Frontiers of his own Country, but he don't think himself yet

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in Safety; and after having abandon'd Provinces of Sixscore Miles in Length, he enters with Precipitation into strong Places, to shelter himself from the warlike Fury of the *English*, and of their Allies. Impregnable Places open their Gates to the Queen's General, without being attack'd. The Magistrates, the Governors, send him the Keys of their Towns, when he is yet nine Miles distant from them. Nothing resists him. 'Tis no more a Country that is conquered; it is a Country that yields without any Force or any Violence, to the Lieutenant of that for whom the God of War fights.

From that happy, that renowned Day, what have we seen? Every Year has been for us a Year of Triumph. How many Battles won? How many Towns taken? How many Citadels forc'd? And what Battles! What Towns! What Citadels! Not the least Check, the least Misfortune. The Conquests of half an Age are carried away in three or four Years; and *Marlborough*, at the Head of his Englishmen, sets his Foot in the ancient Patrimony of that Prince, who had encroach'd upon the Territories of all his Neighbours. It was in this Manner that God blessed the Arms of our Sovereign; it was in this Manner, that he made her the Terror of her Enemies, the Support of her Allies, and the Admiration of the whole World. Emperors, and Kings, call her  
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their Mother. Princes come from the Extremities of the Universe to make her their Submission, and implore her Aid: She becomes the Arbitrator of all the Differences of *Europe*. She gives, she takes away Crowns as she pleases. Why so much Glory? Why so much Grandeur? I come again to my Consequence: It is, because she has fear'd the Lord; and a *Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

Has Heaven bless'd her Arms? He has no less bless'd her Councils. How deeply, how wisely were they laid, when she had the Happiness and Glory to unite the ancient Kingdom of *Scoland* with that of *England*? It had been the Work of a whole Age, attempted by all the Kings her Predecessors; but the Success of it was reserv'd to the Piety, to the Wisdom of *Anna*. You are not ignorant of the invidious Distinction that was between the Inhabitants of the same Island, the Subjects of the same Sovereign; different Laws, different Parliaments, different Interests, different Kingdoms. These two Nations had for one another a certain Antipathy, which it was almost impossible to overcome; a Jealousy common enough to neighbouring Nations, but which had been fomented by long and continual Wars between these two. The leading Men of that People, were jealous of their Rank, sensible of the Greatness of their Kingdom, which makes so noble a

Figure in History, and whose Name was to lose and to confound it self with that of *England*; the People were zealous for whatever has an Air of Ancientry and Grandeur; this with the Fear of seeing the Government of their Church alter'd, by uniting to a Kingdom whose Church has another Discipline, were invincible Obstacles to the Union, so much wish'd for by our Kings, so happy for *Scotland*, so advantageous to *England*, and so honourable to both. But what is difficult? What is insuperable to a Woman who feareth the Lord? And what may not a Princess hope for, whose Intentions are upright, who seeks God and the Good of her People in the Sincerity of her Heart, and who consequently may depend upon the Protection of the Almighty? Such was *Anna*, strengthen'd with his Help and Favour; she will level all the Difficulties, she will reconcile those Spirits, she will heal those Jealousies, she will find Temperaments, which will secure their Honour, their Liberty, and their Conscience. O *Britons* of the *South*! O *Britons* of the *North*! you are no more divided, but by the Situation of Places. You have the same Name, you are guarded by the same Laws, you are entitled to the same Privileges, you enjoy the same Honours. What inestimable Advantages may these two People, reduc'd to one, reap by that Union? *Scotland* will find in the Plenty of *Eng-*

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land what Nature has refus'd to its Situation; and *England*, furnishing to *Scotland* of her Abundance, will get an innumerable Multitude of valiant Soldiers to fill its Armies; of docile and hardy People to Man its Fleets, and extend its Trade. One is become the Rampart of the other, and both together are an impregnable Bulwark to the Protestant Religion, and the *British* Liberty; and their Interests being common, they will act unanimously to defend themselves against their Enemies, and increase their Wealth and mutual Happiness.

What more was desir'd to consummate the Glory of *Anna*, and to perfect the Felicity of her People, but to give us a Successor, (when God, in his eternal Decrees, should have resolv'd to take her away from us) worthy of herself, who might walk in her Steps, who might preserve us those inestimable Blessings she had heap'd upon us in her happy Reign. I'll tell it boldly, here is the Accomplishment of all her great Actions. Alas! What Benefit had we reap'd, to be the most glorious People that is this Day upon the Face of the Earth, to have subdu'd *Flanders* and *Germany*, to have done such brave Actions as no Nation in the World can boast of, to have settled Peace and Union among our selves, if we had been a Prey to a Man who would overthrow our Laws, our Liberties, our Religion: And indeed, what Precautions has not *Anna* taken to secure

secure us those valuable Things. How many Treaties? How many Declarations? How many Laws to bind us by what is more sacred, is more inviolable, by Conscience, to renounce that Idol? How many Solicitations to remove that Object of our Fears? Thanks be given to the pious Care of *Anna*. Immortal Thanks be given to the Goodness of our great God, who has bless'd her Cares. Our Anxieties are dissipated. We see ourselves happily united under the Government of a Prince, whom Religion, Wisdom, and Valour, make worthy to succeed to the Throne of *Anna* the Great, *Anna* the Wife, *Anna* the Godly. Remember, O *Englishmen*, that venerable Name; remember it with Tenderness and Respect; remember that it was under her Reign that the Glory of the *British* Name went farther than ever it had before; remember the Care she has taken to leave to your Posterity those Blessings which make a Nation happy and flourishing; but above all remember, that it was by her Virtue, by her Piety, by the Fear she had for the Lord, by a constant Love of her Religion, by her Tenderness for her People, that she has gain'd those precious Advantages; and that it will be by the Obedience to your Laws, by an ardent Zeal for your Religion, by a steady and unalterable Union amongst yourselves, by the Submission to and Respect for her Successor, that you'll preserve them. Let

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us then all go with one Accord under his Banners, to receive him, to pay him our Homage, to swear to him a constant Fidelity and Obedience; and let us acknowledge that God, who in his Wisdom can turn the greatest Misfortunes into Happiness, could not comfort us in a more effectual manner, in our Grief for the Death of our good *Anna*, whom we shall never name but with Tears, than by placing upon the Throne the Sprig of the *Stuarts*, the only sound Branch of that holy Trunk, the only one who can protect us against all our Enemies, and transmit our Laws, our Rights, and our holy and sacred Religion to our latest Posterity.



F I N I S.





